Whiggery Diſplay'd;

O R,

The Principles, Practices, Erudition and Religion of our modern Whiggs.

As Ancients, who the Devil ſaw,
Set forth his ſhape, ſo would I draw
Old Cromwel's *Witches, which ſurvive,*
And in his Foot-ſteps ſeem to thrive;
But Albion *ſurely will force-caſt,*
Her future danger by what's paſt,
Or to be feard's at laſt will be,
A dark confus'd Cataſtrophe.

Sic mores produnt animum, & mihi credite, junctus
Semper cum falſo eſt Domate cdæis amor,

By a true Son of the Church of *England.*

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year, 1719.

Whiggery Diſplay'd, &c.

Since Men unite for to infect
The Kingdom with each jarring Sect,
And by their trait'rous combination
Endeavour to diſturb the Nation,
As in a Cov'nant mutual join'd
To plague the World and all Mankind,
Who Truth and Juſtice have forſwore
And call Religion common Whore,
The Hydra Faction of the Age,
And Offspring of Hell's Parentage;
Engender'd on the Filth and Slime,
That Forty One, had left behind,

Nurſt up by Faction, and Suckt in
Their Infancy the Milk of Sin,
What venom was the laſt remains
Does now ferment Fanaticks Brains,
Preſaging of another blow,
Like *Noll*'s which all did overthrow,
When ſad and diſmal was the day,
Britannia's glory bleeding lay
To ſuch inſulting Foes a Prey,
The mournful Looks did then appear,
Confuſion and diſtracting Fear,
Juſtice, the attribute of God,
And Laws were baniſh'd their Abode,
Aſtræa ſaw it and withdrew,
And from th' ungrateful Land ſhe flew,
Bereft of all it's Liberty,
A lawleſs Heap of Anarchy,
When Property lay on the ground,
A bleeding with Fanaticks wound,
And Freedom lay as ſtruck with death,
Till Reſtoration gave it breath,
And with kind heaven's helping hand,
Remov'd thoſe plagues oppreſs'd our Land.

The

The gath'ring Clouds with careful view,
Afford a diſmal Omen new,
Th' impending miſchief ſeems to ſmile,
Upon this poor unhappy Iſle,
New Beams from Chaos loos'd repair,
Expanſions hover in the Air,
Too many now for worldly praiſe,
Or for Reward in theſe bleſt days,
Wou'd miſery perpetuate,
As an Appendix to the State,
Whom to delineate I ſhall try
If I can hit the Drapery,
According to the modern faſhion.
Yet cautious leaſt I run too raſh on,
Becauſe ſuch Creatures Monſters——like,
In haſt a Man may draw oblique,
And then perhaps it won't be known,
What Devil I meant to give his own,
Tho' let me draw 'em ne'er ſo rough
They're known in *Britain* well enough,
Nor is there fear miſtaking them,
For any other ſort of Men,
Nor need I trace th'original,

Or thro' what ſhapes this Animal,
They call a Whigg, has ran and chang'd,
Or thro' what various Forms he's rang'd.
Who always prov'd upon our Stage,
The mad *Cethegus* of the Age;
But at the preſent bare recount,
The privileges they ſurmount
Their Notions and their Sentiment,
About Monarchick Government;
Of their Religion well as temper.
Which is for Moderation *ſemper*;
In what Cabals they moſt proclaim
Their glorious Deeds, as well as Name,
And by deluſive Arts trepan,
Whoe'er is not a Partiſan
Of *Proteus*, that Form can change,
And freely with all Sect'ry's range,
Which to ſupport in this mild Reign,
From ever ſinking down again,
Whilſt Seminary's are Erected,
Where Youth at once may be infected,
By the Imps of hell to perjure
Themſelves, and all Religion abjure,

Make

Make Oath of what, or whom they pleaſe,
Swear that the Moon is a green Cheeſe,
Or that a Man when ſound aſleep,
Let Treaſon from his boſom creep,
And utter'd it by little Scrips,
Tho' he ne're opend once his lips,
That matters not, his work 'twill do,
'Cauſe what they ſwear muſt needs be true,
Tho' 'tis through walls of Brick or Stone,
They ſwear 'twas heard and perfect known;
Then they'll matriculated be,
In the Roe-buck Society;
Or in ſome other Mugg-houſe Club,
Then qualify'd for *Bradb'ry*'s Tub,
The publick welfare to diſturb,
Or for the Chair, and then they'll be
For the Devil himſelf fit company.
On Publick days, which often fall,
And for Rejoicyngs publick Call,
Theſe Mugg-houſe Men, or Monſters rather,
In grand Cabal do meet together.
True Villains-like on miſchief ſet,
When their Aſſembly once is met,

The very Type and Nurſery,
Of Faction and Conſpiracy,
Where Blaſphemy and Uproar dwels,
Among this Crew of Infidels;
For when the Chairman once is roſe,
They all proclaim themſelves as Foes
To God and King, to Church and Laws,
And all except, The Good old Cauſe,
In a bumper with Damnation,
To all Churchmen in the Nation,
And ſtraight abroad their numbers flow,
When Leaders ſcarce their Leaders know,
Captains, Lieutenants ſword in hand
Appear in Front to bear Command,
Tho' ſcarcely on their feet can ſtand.
The reſt promiſcuous take their poſt,
'Chance 'gainſt another, then they'll boaſt,
How manfuly they did engage,
A Tory dog in height of rage;
And as true lovers of their King,
Wou'd ſo encounter death again;
And in the ſtreets make ſuch a ſhow,
'Sif Earth was peopl'd from below,

Where Lords and Knights Men oft did ſee,
Among this Paltron Company,
Around the ſtreets in tumults ſpread,
With *Maſianello* at their head;
Or beardleſs Chief, ſcarce half a Man,
Some times the Leader of the Van,
Of theſe true proteſting People,
To pull down Church, as well as Steeple.
Thus march theſe Members chiefly known,
To be the ſcumm of all the Town,
Scarce worth the pains of a relation,
Tho' really of Conſideration,
Boaſting of Courage to annoy,
A Female big, or little boy;
What windows one in atoms laid,
Their Company's laſt Cavalcade;
What ſtore of Bricks at once there flew
Againſt a Tory's Houſe they knew;
What knocks the Servant juſtly had,
For asking whether they weren't mad,
And to revenge the Inſolence,
Pull down the Sign with violence,

Then march along, whilſt Mug-houſe Wit
Cries D——me blood he merits it,
And like a Hero ſtruts and Swaggers
Amidſt the Number moſt of Beggars,
Who when there's Room, I don't ſay'll thieve,
But bear of Goods, 'thout Owners Leave,
And no redreſs is now allow'd
Againſt this arbitrary Crowd;
For if to Juſtice you've recourſe,
Comes part of this audacious Force
Swears Treaſon 'gainſt you in diſcourſe;
Or *Marr* and *Ormond* you did cry.
Altho' none heard it which ſtood by,
That don't regard, their Ears were bad,
Be'ing not ſo loyal or ſo mad,
Or that you ſwore at ev'ry word,
There was no King but *J——s* the Third,
And that you would with Force combine
To extirpate th' Illuſtrious Line.
This is the Juſtice Men do meet
The ſame they ſhew in open ſtreet,
When up the ſtaff their hand does poize,
As badge of terror to the Boys,

Eſpecialy

Eſpecialy of Pariſh Schools,
Abominations to theſe fools;
Or 'gainſt a Single paſſer by,
Who don't huzza, and loudly cry,
King *George* for ever, and for Low-Church,
Or 'twill ſerve if you cry no Church,
Marl—gh, *Cad——n* and *Maccartny*,
Huzza G—d D——me for our party,
King *George* for ever Da—me Sir,
For ever! Or without demurr,
Battoon is laid upon his crown,
Which lays at once him in a ſwoon,
To wallow in the Blood which flows,
From their moderate Chriſtian blows,
Who after drubbing then compound,
He may go dreſs each bruiſe and wound,
Such actions merit great applauſe,
As be'ng their fundamental laws,
As well as language which they prate,
That's chiefly us'd at *Billingſgate*.
As for their Scheme of Government,
Let them but have the management,

You'll ſee it of old Chaos Make,
Without all Form for darkneſs ſake,
To uphold theſe helliſh minions,
In their dangerous Opinions,
Whilſt mad Enthuſiaſm does expand
Its dark Contagion o'er the Land,
And Faction is ſo pow'rful grown,
As to aſſail the monarch's Throne,
And all the Schemes of rule Abuſe.
But what themſelves are pleas'd to uſe,
Wherein diſtinctions will be loſt
And all Degrees of Men be croſt,
As in the days of pious Roundhead,
When Ranks and orders were confounded,
And the Sov'reign were the People
With Actions moſt profoundly evil,
Whoſe hopes again afreſh revive,
To hold the Reins, once more and drive,
And bring the old debates in queſt,
What Form of Government is beſt,
As whether Ariſtocracy,
Will countervail Democracy,

Or which of them will beſt advance,
The ſaints a ſure Inheritance
If not on Earth to human view,
Hereafter with th' infernal Crew;
But controverſal points to end,
Our whiggs have hit it how to mend,
The Nation by once melting down,
All thoſe old Forms into this one
Collective Body of the Saints,
Who ſoon will fruſtrate all complaints,
For their Doctrine is ſo right'ous,
'Twon't ſuffer Monarchy to fright us,
Nor Lords or Commons in their Station,
E're give you any Moleſtation,
Nor Magiſtrates tho' joint or ſingly,
If choſe by power that was Kingly,
Have over you Preheminence,
'Cauſe they're no more than proper Agents,
Bound for the People by Engagements,
Commiſſion'd by their approbation,
For the Kingdoms Perturbation,
During pleaſure to them granted,

So when they pleaſe to be Supplanted,
For Power is inſeperable,
And from them unalienable,
Nay, in the People ſo inherent,
No Pow'r on Earth, can interfere in't.
As for thoſe Topicks ſome aſſign,
That Government is Right Divine,
And Kings likewiſe, *Divino Jure.*
That's all mine A——ſe they will aſſure ye,
Tho' Demonſtration will it ſhow,
And Men may prove it really ſo,
Yet they'll uphold Supremacy,
Subſiſts alone i'th' Pop'lacy.
And in their hands repoſited,
Moſt abſolute, unlimited,
Both to proportion and direct,
The Common Weal in each reſpect,
And fill Mens minds with Jealouſies
Their malice may the higher riſe;
As for the Books that have been writ,
Or battles fought in defence of it,
They're all Chimeras and a Bite,
For God himſelf, they ſay's, no Right

To impoſe an Obligation,
Of Obedience to a Nation,
Unleſs the People who are free,
By their conſent to it agree,
'Cauſe then they've freedom to retract,
By ſay'ng their Freedom is attackt,
Of which themſelves do beſt compute,
As being Judges abſolute,
Tho' if the Devil in Maſquerade,
Will ſide with them ſhall be obey'd,
And verily they're not Miſled,
'Cauſe in his Precepts they are bred,
His Incantations blind their Light,
That in his ways they take delight.
Next for the Power of the Law,
Howe'er ſome People it may awe,
Who judge themſelves oblig'd to Stand
By Laws and Edicts of the Land,
Modern Whiggs deſpiſe and Spurn 'em
Let but Majeſty confirm 'em,
Their Anceſtors had Nought to do,
To make ſuch Laws, as bind them too,

Unleſs they paſs their approbation,
As fitting for their Generation;
Nay *Revelation* tho' Divine,
Or *Magna Charta* they'll reſign,
As having no Preheminonce,
More than Kings by a vain pretence,
For 'tis the People wholly veſted,
With a Power unmoleſted,
To Manage for the Publick Weal,
According to their right'ous Zeal,
Which always when the Mony flows,
Will let Injuſtice Right Fore-cloſe,
Or ſet Notorious Villains free,
From their juſt Fate, at Tripple-Tree;
The Land it ſelf, it will betray,
Or ancient Charters give away;
For all unite in joint Conſent,
To ſhare the ſpoil, with Government,
But yet to ſhew their Moderations,
They will allow two Limitations,
As Firſt! No Body is to be,
Concluded a Majority;

Next: That no Civil Power lent,
Extend to Things indifferent,
And then it will be hard to ſay,
What Magiſtrates have any ſway;
But ſtill their Scheme is clear you ſee,
And from all difficulties free,
For Governours are governed,
And Subjects they will be the head,
Or Properly we may it call,
There'll be no Government at all,
But a confuſed Anarchy
Such miſcreants call Liberty,
For Monarchy's Abomination,
Fitting for Annihilation,
If Government they needs muſt have,
'Tis a Republick which they crave,
No Matter whether old or new,
Republicans they will be true.
To Royalty or a Crown'd Head,
Reſpect and Reverence lyes dead,
For Whiggs and Loy'lty Rivals are,
And cannot Reign in the ſame Sphere,

'Cauſe

'Cauſe if once they're diſappointed,
A King's no longer Gods Anointed,
But worſt of Tyrants him diſplay,
If poſſible more worſe than they,
But Miracles won't be ſurceaſt
When that is known in Man or Beaſt;
For private Ends perchance they'll feign,
A Duty to their Sovereign,
And round his Courts in Numbers ſwarm,
Worſe Kine than thoſe did *Egypt* harm,
And often with their Inſolence,
Give Majeſty moſt groſs offence,
Or with their Whiggiſh Fundamental,
Make the loudeſt Clamour 'gainſt all,
Thoſe quallity's which they themſelves
Are moſt remarkt as non parels,
And if it happens to their Fate,
Once to be Miniſters of State,
Like Maſters then they will dictate,
And Peremptory diſobey,
When private Ends ſtand in the way,
Striving by dint of impudence,
To force belief againſt Mens Sence,

And with old Pop'rys bugg-bear Name,
Blow up Fanaticks fiercer flame,
As in the days of *Charles* the Firſt,
When of the two they prov'd the worſt,
Like *Phaeton* with Fury hurl'd,
Whoſe rage conſum'd the *Britiſh* World,
But when themſelves are got in play,
The frightful Cry, is thrown away,
Or ſet aſide, as well as Laws,
Effectually to work their Cauſe,
And ſacrifice to Tyranny,
Not only Subjects Liberty,
But chance the Crowns Prerogative,
May ſoon become a Fugitive,
To ſatisfie th' ambitious Luſt,
Of Moderations greedy Thirſt,
And perſecute Men 'till diſtreſt,
That dare to make an Intereſt,
Againſt their Meaſures, and in Goal,
Perhaps ſome Months they may regale,
Whilſt a Fam'ly is undoing
And running into endleſs Ruin,

Still exhorting Mens Affection
To bear in Peace their mild Correction,
And ſay it does their Love denote
Tho' at that time would cut their throat.
But ever Upſtarts who were born,
Of Title, or Eſtate forlorn,
Have once a wealthy Fortune got,
By any Means that matters not,
Ambition does their Minds elate,
And Inſolence becomes their Mate,
Nobility they will inſult,
And in the baſeſt Acts exult,
Our ancient Gentry will abuſe,
And with vile Calumnies accuſe,
An Indication why their Foes,
To Monarchy which they'd depoſe,
Becauſe that Form of Government,
Keeps up the Grandeur eminent,
Of thoſe Illuſtrious Families,
Which vile beginning Mortifies,
Who would have Honour to conſiſt,
Where Mony does the moſt Subſiſt;

No Villainys thoſe Men will Scorn,
Who baſely live as they were born,
They'll Vote, Unvote, do what Men will,
So Mony does their Coffers fill;
And in the Counties round about
Such Magiſtrates they will find out,
Obſcure Plebeian Delegates,
Both wit and Sence abominate,
As none before wou'd e're intruſt,
Be'ng ignorant, Right to adjuſt;
Whilſt Men of Birth and Education,
Fortune, Honour, Penetration,
Are highly injur'd, and aggriev'd,
By Scoundrels of all Sence bereav'd,
That Scarce their Names can ſpell or write
Or read one Verſe of Scripture Right,
Bnt theſe are Patriots Still they'll ſay,
That love their Country (for its Prey,)
As Rapparees by Publick Plunder,
Raiſe ſuch Eſtates as cauſes wonder,
And Plunge the Kingdom More in Debt,
Than when with *France* a War was Set,

And Sacrifice its chiefeſt Trade,
For quarrels other Powers have made,
The *Dutch*, the *Spaniſh*, *French* and *Sweeds*,
Amazed Stand at all our Deeds
Religion is the Vehicle
For each Fanaticks Principle,
Tho' neither God, nor Man they ſay,
Ought to Preſcribe to them their way,
Or controul them in Religion,
Should they think fit to have a Legion,
Or otherwiſe have none at all,
They're judge Supream, whether they ſhall,
The Church Eſtabliſh'd is the Bane,
That Stands opponent to their Reign,
Therefore dayly are a bru'ing,
Schemes to Prove her utter ruin;
And to Eſtabliſh Innovations,
Reject all Scripture Revelations,
Becauſe if God ſhould interpoſe,
They could not then ſo well impoſe,
Upon the People to contemn,
The Scriptures and believe in them.

Which now they'll Manage Well enough
In pulling down the Pales o'th' Church;
And lay in Common all her wealth,
So ev'ry one chuſe for himſelf,
Then all her Miniſters diſplant,
Uſeleſs and inſignificant,
Leſt ſo many Men of Learning
Might chance to clear the Flocks diſcerning;
Then as the Churches Mortal Foes,
Unite all Sect'ry's to oppoſe,
And when in Power make Conceſſion,
To put ſuch Clergy in Poſſeſſion,
Moſt Scandalous to their Profeſſion,
Indeed of all the Whiggiſh Crew.
The Monſters Men ought to eſchew;
For what's more ſhocking to Mankind,
Than of that ſacred Robe to find,
A Prieſt that boldly Vilifies,
The Rubrick, Canons, and denies,
The Articles and ordinances,
The Church of *England* Countenances,
Or dare relax the Diſcipline,
And make th' Eſſentials Meer deſign,

Or to be Things indifferent,
Againſt the Fathers Sentiments,
Only to be complemented,
By her Enemies diſſented,
Or extolled by the greateſt,
Of Fanaticks, Rakes or Atheiſts,
Who in time may dubb him Prelate,
Which I'm ſure don't to him relate,
But that ſuch Fathers will diſpence,
With Het'rodoxy's Influence,
And ſhew it when he Mounts the Forum,
To bellow forth his Cant before 'em,
Or Preach Religion does continue,
No longer then you pleaſe within you,
And to fix a ſure contention,
Cry out aloud for Comprehenſion;
About the Scriptures make a Squabble,
And in all the Myſt'ry's dabble,
To confound the Silly Rabble,
Who with Ears attentive itching,
Take all for Goſpel, He is preaching,
Who deems Apoſtles, Saints, and Martyrs
No more then Coblers, Porters, Carters,

In

In competition with the Saints,
That Conventicle deeply Taints,
And Scrues his Conſcience to believe,
That a Meſſias e'er did live,
Inſtructing People to deſpiſe,
All Doctrine but, what they deviſe,
Preach 'caſional Conformity,
Againſt Scriptures Validity,
And that the Power of Government,
Is only to the Monarch lent,
Therefore, Whenever Men think fit,
May claim the right of uſing it,
And rail at Univerſities,
Preferring of Academies,
And o'er Scotch Cloth ſo cringe and fawn,
With more eſteem than fineſt Lawn,
Put Tolleration on the level,
The Conſtitution it may gravel,
And for the Firſt bear ſuch a Zeal,
The laſt ſhall not no Favour feel,
But leave the beſt and Glorious Church,
In all the World forlorn i'th' lurch,

To be devour'd by detraction,
Of a vile Seditious Faction,
Who firſt her Members Perſecute,
And then her ſacred Rights Pollute;
So deſpicable is ſhe grown,
That Sons dare Scarce, their Mother own,
Nay Fathers now do lend a Hand,
To have her Baniſht out the Land;
But Conſtitution e'er look't Scurvy,
When Tolleration Once 'came worthy,
That Nurſe of Hell-hounds, very Devil,
Seducing Men into all Evil;
Tho' Mighty Aid and Uſefullneſs,
Unto the Whiggs—I muſt confeſs,
For were it not for thoſe diſſent,
Their wheels muſt Stand, to all intent,
Becauſe when Atheiſm's at the Height,
Then Schiſm ſupports it with her Might;
And with impunity they paſs,
In hopes Confuſion may amaſs,
Such a Stock of Factions Spirit,
To cruſh at once, Churches Merit,

So Qualify 'em for Place of Truſt,
The Nations Ruin to adjuſt,
A Thing ne'er Heard or ever Meant,
That thoſe ſhould be i'th' Government,
Who are not of the Conſtitution,
Unleſs to ſeek its Diſſolution,
Bidding thoſe very Laws defiance,
Gives Tolleration their complyance,
And by a groundleſs Seperation,
Unchriſtian Rage and Education,
Deſtroy at once all Converſation;
Diſturbers of Each Monarchs ſway,
From th' Reformation to this Day,
The Underminers of the Church,
Whoſe wealth and Pow'r they think too much,
And fain would have the feeling one,
Whilſt t'other ſhould be felt by none,
That having all Her Pow'r revoken,
Gods Worſhip then may Soon be broken.
Now in what Sect to range theſe Men,
Or by what Name to Title them,
I'm at a loſs! The Church they hate,
And Calviniſts abominate,

Unleſs to Serve an Exigence,
And then their Aid's of Conſequence,
Be'ng always ready for their Part,
To ſhow Fanaticks Dext'rous Art;
And for a Latitudinarian,
'Twill Comprehend, I'm Somewhat ware on,
Much more Religion, than they crave,
At beſt are Willing for to have,
For many Deiſm do Profeſs
But more with Atheiſm acquieſce,
Who boaſt Profaneſs wond'rous pretty,
And ridiculing Scripture witty,
That Blaſphemy does beſt Prepare
A Perſon for the Highest Chair;
All Sacraments as Vile deteſt,
As well as Sacramental Jeſt;
That where to find him is a Task,
I muſt forbear, and Pardon Ask,
And rather than incur their anger,
Reſign them up, to Maſter *Bangor*,
That worthy Prelate who'll diſpence,
With any way they're Most Propenſe
To Eaſe their Heath'niſh diffidence

So

So hit the Humour to a tee,
Of each Enthuſiaſtick He.
To whom if chance a queſtion Stray'th,
Concerning Worſhip or his Faith,
Will ready anſwer, he's a Whigg,
The Spawn of *Noll*, a hopefull Twigg,
And by his Fruit you'll know Him better,
If once but free from Monarchs fetter,
But as the Nation oft' has try'd 'em,
And found them ever *Simper Idem* :
Again wont Humble to that Yoke,
Of Bondage once our Baſis broke,
That dreadful Woe! For now is ſown,
Thoſe ſeeds as grew in Forty One,
When was Inſcrib'd upon their ſword,
Leviathan our Sov'reign Lord.

FINIS.

So bids the Humble to a Look
Of each Indignant He.
To whom if chance a gentler Survey
Concerning Worship or his Deity
Will ready answer, he a Wight
The Spleen of Will a hopeful Twin
And by his Port you'll know him
At once his fine Lump Mountain
Due as thy Nation of his Ly'd Sin,
And fond them even Steps below :
Again we Humble to that Tale,
Of Tardy ease our Lark Trade,
That a Lord Wed Lay
This Mad
When was
Invoke our Sovereign Lord

PRINCE

3455.a.39.